

Of Paris TWO WOMEN TERRORS Of New York.

MARIE RET The "Terror of the Fortifications."

ALL Paris is rejoicing over the capture of "the terror of the fortifications." So potent was the name of this chief of garrotters that the members of the band which vowed allegiance to the criminal trembled at its very mention. Robberies and murders by the score are laid at the door of this remarkable person. Yet, in spite of it all, she is just twenty-eight years old, and if it were not for a scar or two, would be one of the handsomest women in the French capital.

For years the police have been searching for Marie Ret, although they did not know her identity. So great was her influence over her fellow criminals that not one of them when arrested dared to reveal the name of his chief. Junoesque in appearance, utterly without fear, stronger than most men, there has been nothing so dangerous as to make her quail, no plan of crime so desperate as not to be considered worthy of thought by her.

Imagine a Xantippe temper increased a thousand fold and utterly unchecked, and a fair idea of the disposition of Marie Ret may be obtained. Many a victim has learned this to his cost and often, it is believed, has paid for his knowledge with his life. The brain of Madame Defarge never created more cruelties than have been devised by Marie Ret, and it is to this savagery that she really owes her capture.

The gang of strangers "the terror of the fortifications" headed chose the outskirts of Paris for the field of their operations, and so daring did they become that it was absolutely unsafe in many localities for a person to venture out on foot after twilight. Indeed, the occupants of carriages did not always pass scatheless, often being held up after the fashion of the American stage robber.

It was known that a woman was connected with some of the operations of the band, but no one of the police officials had ever dreamed her to be the leader. Finally one of the police, more daring than the rest, succeeded in joining the band that owned Marie Ret as their chief. In this way the long-sought secret was discovered. The detective, who became for the nonce a stranger, declares that in all his experience he never knew so dangerous a criminal among men as this assassin in petticoats proved herself to be.

Still, femininity asserted itself to the extent that Marie Ret fell in love, and, strangely enough, with the only member of the band who was too cowardly to follow her in many of the desperate undertakings in which she engaged. This man would often remain at the headquarters of the band while the others were away on some expedition, and it was due to his cowardice and slothfulness that the police finally succeeded in carrying out the plot they had formed.

Within the six months leading up to the capture of this woman had been much more daring than usual. She changed the scene of her robberies with almost as much ease as a flying troop of cavalry darts about when sent out to harass an enemy. One night there would come a half-dozen reports to the police of pedestrians who had been robbed of all they possessed, even to their boots and clothes, on the southern outskirts of the city, and the next night reports of similar character would be received from the northern Parisian outskirts.

The officials could not believe it was the same band, and yet the description was always the same. In every instance the victims reported a woman in the case, and complained bitterly of the forcible treatment she accorded them, her favorite amusement being to slice off a nose or an ear. At last the end came, and the manner of its coming was as tragic and dramatic as the career of "the terror of the fortifications" had been up to that time.

The detective who had become a stranger managed to win the good graces of Marie Ret, so much so that on several occasions she permitted him to remain at headquarters with her lover while she journeyed into the highways and byways. So it was decided that a detachment of officers should be in readiness at a designated point, and, upon a signal from the detective stranger, take possession of headquarters, and, concealing themselves, await the return of the criminals.

This plan was carried out to the letter. Marie Ret's cowardly lover becoming immediately inoffensive at the sight of a pistol in the detective's hands. He was securely bound and gagged and then the police awaited the coming of the "Terror" and her companions. Just before dawn the expected came. There were ten of them besides the petticoated leader, while the police numbered eighteen. At a signal, before there was an opportunity of their presence being discovered, the officers suddenly appeared, and, covering the thieves with revolvers, demanded surrender.

Without a moment's hesitation Marie Ret, seizing a knife, dashed at the officers nearest her, and in less time than it takes to tell it had stabbed four of them and mortally wounded two. It was only a few moments of the fiercest of struggles, in which the "terror of the fortifications" managed to wound several more of the police, that she was disarmed. Her capture ended it all, for after this occurred her followers lost all heart. Even after she was bound, though bleeding from many wounds, she bravely cursed her captors, and swore the most dreadful vengeance for what had happened.

At present Madeleine the Terror is awaiting the action of the next Assizes, and the police expect to be able to send her to the guillotine soon afterward.



AMELIA DIODONA The "Terror of the New York Docks."

AMELIA DIODONA is the terror of the New York docks. A strange name and appropriate for such a character. It might well belong to a Thessalian brigand. In reality it is that of a pretty, winsome girl, whose eyes as they look out at you from behind the bars, seem to show a purity and innocence as utterly foreign to the surroundings as would be a Fifth Avenue belle to the purlieus of the East Side.

Amelia is sixteen years old and wears the short frocks of a schoolgirl. Basing the calculation of her age on the amount of demerit which is hers, one could easily fancy her a half century old. She is a leader of one of the worst "gangs" numbered among the habitués of the docks, but so clever has she always heretofore been that this is the first time she has ever been under arrest.

Her innocent face and a most childish appearance make her a model decoy, and she lures men into the dens where the garrotters who form her companions lie hidden. Their victims are robbed, beaten into insensibility and cast into the street. This done, Amelia proceeds to enjoy the proceeds of the robbery with her companions.

It is only a few nights ago that, with two of the thugs who form her band, she enticed a canal boatman away from his scow at the foot of Rivington street. At a signal from the girl the two men left her alone with the boatman and disappeared. Then the two—the girl and the man—at the former's suggestion, started to go aboard the boat, when, as if by magic, the thugs reappeared and that is the last that the boatman knew until the police found him. When Amelia and her companions ran away, as ill-luck would have it, Amelia went straight into the arms of a detective, who unexpectedly turned a corner just as she reached it. That is how the girl happens to be in the police custody to-day.

The arrest of this sweet-faced disciple of evil has led to the discovery of the astonishing fact that she was and is known to almost every boatman connected with the great fleet of canal boats and other craft that line the East River. Few if any of them suspected her to be other than that which she appeared, or, at least, if they did, they are loath to acknowledge it now. All of them knew that the thugs seemed to have an almost supernatural knowledge of their movements, and every day reveals instances of victims of "the gang," who submitted to robbery which they could not prevent, and said nothing about it.

Every time, say the boatmen, they told Amelia anything that was going to happen, the thugs got wind of it, but, oddly enough, they never suspected the girl. And now they learn for the first time that the mysterious woman, as she is known among the boatmen, who, like the Banshee, has appeared when evil was on, is none but little Amelia Diodona, whom many of them considered their protegee.

The achievements of this child, for she is no more than that in years at least, are of dime novel character. There has been no danger into which she would not venture. When it seemed impossible for the thugs to manage to secure the victim, it was her brain that would devise a way that always succeeded. The men with whom she associated looked upon her with more than admiration, for her keen intelligence and daring spirit commanded their respect. In all cases, the victims were robbed of their jewelry and valuables, and it is now believed that many of the mysterious disappearances among the boatmen were due to this "terror of the docks" and her gang.

In the darkest night she would lead her companions among the most dangerous places on the docks, every foot of which she knew. Many a boatman has locked himself in his cabin and gone to sleep, to awake and find that in some mysterious fashion the cabin door has been unlocked and he is in the power of robbers and possible assassins. Oftentimes these victims have caught glimpses of a woman's dress, and this fact is what created the story of the "mysterious woman."

All this time, despite the life she has led, Amelia has maintained a residence with her mother at No. 7 Manhattan street. The mother is the only person who has really known her daughter's character and method of living. The mother is old and feeble. When she pleaded with her daughter to live differently and keep away from the associates with whom she consorted, she was beaten by the child, and beaten so badly that as a matter of self-protection she ceased her complaints.

This is how it happened that when Amelia appeared for examination at the Essex Market police court, it was her mother's testimony, as much as that of the policeman, which caused Magistrate Pool to hold her for examination. Rarely has a more pitiful story been heard in a police court than that the mother sobbingly related. "She's all I've got, Judge," she said. "She beats me, and she's a dock rat, I know, but please don't send her to prison. Maybe if you only give her a chance, Judge, she'll be a good girl yet."

Amelia looked at her mother and the Judge for a moment. "Oh, shut up," she said. "you make me tired."

She would neither notice her mother further nor answer the Judge's questions. As to the men who were with her when she helped commit her latest crime, she denied ever seeing them. She declared that she had nothing to say, and had never done anything wrong. Then she lapsed into silence, which no amount of questioning could break.

And so the East River boatmen have been relieved from a formidable cause of fear. "The Terror of the Docks" is in the custody of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Three Great Writers on Tobacco

In his work entitled, "Introduction à la Médecine de l'Esprit," M. Maurice de Meville devotes a chapter to tobacco smoking from the point of view of men of letters. The following are the opinions in epitome of three among the most eminent French writers of the century:

In the first place, Balzac: "The architect of that cyclopean monument which bears the name 'La Comédie Humaine,' professed a fanatical aversion to tobacco in all its forms, and was constantly employed in an endeavor to purge the Regie. In his books he invariably covers with contempt the characters whom he portrays as smokers, and an entire chapter in his 'Treatise on Modern Stimulants' consists exclusively of denunciations against the weed and its worshippers. His, in fine, is the motto under which the devoted members of the Société Contre l'Abus du Tabac wage an unceasing war—'Tobacco destroys the body, attacks the intellect, and begets the nation.'"

Next, Victor Hugo: "The author of 'Les Misérables' was likewise no smoker. As Theodore de Banville once said, 'In the house of Victor Hugo, Peer of France, no one has ever even attempted to smoke.' In this connection an anecdote suggests itself. One evening in the master's home one of the guests, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, I think, was vaunting the beneficial effects of a cigarette on a creative imagination. The great poet at once rose in revolt. 'Believe me,' said he, 'tobacco is more hurtful to you than beneficial; it changes thought into reverie!'

Finally, M. Emile Zola: "I have no definite opinion on the question. Personally, I gave up smoking ten or twelve years ago, on the advice of my medical attendant, at a time when I believed myself to be affected with heart disease."

CHAPTER IV. Industry and Affection Forgotten, the Twins Follow the Gilded Way of Dissipation.

A WHIRL of excitement; a life of pleasure; bright women and gay men; wanton amusements; with plenty of sparkling wine, are what constitute the elements of the life which the sons of George M. Pullman lead in their search for Fairyland; for, satisfied of its existence, they have not given up hopes of yet finding it.

What if their father did disinherit them? What if they have but a paltry \$3,000 per year in their own right on which to enjoy life? Has not their mother millions? Besides, she has a motherly sympathy, which can deny her darling boys nothing while she lives; and when she dies they will be amply provided for. There is no danger that they will ever be reduced to penury or want.

Again, is the car equipped. Not two sections, merely, this time. There is room this time for many boon companions. There are more than four going. Their first choice are to be

left behind, as they are assured that the journey will be unsuccessful; but there is no lack of others to take their places, who, if not possessed of their graces, are yet more full of life and vim and dash; and who will remain as long as the music is playing and the corks are popping.

A roar, a rush, a whirlwind of excitement, and the car of gold, with its princely owners and their retinue of friends (?) are off on the search for Fairyland. What scenes of wild extravagance! What gatherings of midnight revelry! And then there is a sudden halt. A catastrophe has occurred. The car of life is wrecked and ruined.

From among the fragments that are scattered about are taken the charred remains of all that is left of characters, George M., Jr., and Sanger Pullman. Good-by to Fairyland.

Born to vast wealth. Surrounded through early life with refinement and luxury, with a loving and tender-hearted mother and a stern and upright father, the propensity for evil in the Pullman twins is such that, as they have lived their youth in extravagance and gaiety, their manhood will be given up to debauchery and vice; and their end will be a fitting close to a misspent life.

J. F. LAMB,
Apponzing, R. I.



\$100 For the Best Forecasts of the Future Careers of the Pullman Twins.

LAST Sunday, the Journal published a most interesting romance telling how George and Sanger Pullman, the two sons of the late George M. Pullman, were by their father's will forced from the lap of luxury to the consideration of existence on \$3,000 a year. It was also related how the two young ladies who had become the promised wives of the young Pullmans had undergone the gentle ties that bound as soon as they learned of the unpleasant feature of the disposition the boys' father had made of the property.

The future of these young men is problematical. They may grow worse under the influence of the altered circumstances which surround existence as it is for them at present, or, perhaps, seeming adversity may result most pleasantly.

However, the Journal offered a prize of \$100 last week for the best forecast of the ending of the careers of these young men. Hundreds of letters have been received, comprising the final chapter in this singular romance of real life.

There seems to be about an even difference of opinion as to how these young men will finally face existence. In view of this, the Journal presents two of the best of the final chapters, and has divided the prize of \$100 between J. F. Lamb of Apponzing, R. I. and A. M. Kelly, of No. 11 West Sixty-fourth street, New York.

CHAPTER IV. At Last a Mother's Love Succeeds Where a Father's Anger Failed.

AFTER being cast aside by their father and their sweethearts, the twins returned to the forgiving mother's hearthstone to receive condolence. Surely the quickest route to Fairyland now is through the medium of a mother's love, but how to gain possession of the millions left by the unyielding father to the widow and the sisters is the difficult problem for the twins to solve.

There are but two roads which lead to Fairyland. One is called Deception and the other Honesty and Toil. Which will they choose?

The traveler who chooses the latter has many hardships to endure, but when he at last reaches his destination he reaps the full harvest of enjoyment; while to travel the road of De-

ception will perhaps prove the more pleasant and shorter road, but will eventually lead to disaster, and the Fairyland of their dreams will disappear as in a mist, and in its stead, after the delusion has been unravelled by the inevitable hand of fate, the twins will have reached the land of Dissipation.

The mother's love will conquer, for, seeing the folly of their past and the insincerity of their sweethearts, the twins will decide to take the road of Honesty and Toil, and prove to the world that they have inherited their father's genius for accumulating wealth.

In a short time they restore the mother's confidence by their strict attention to business affairs, and she presents them with an equal share of the late Mr. Pullman's millions, with which they re-establish themselves in society and scorn the overtures of the girls who once flitted them in their days of poverty, when their income was less than \$10 a day—hardly enough to keep them in imported cigarettes.

To emphasize their enmity to the gilded set they both marry poor girls, and live happily ever afterward in Fairyland.

A. M. KELLY,
No. 11 West Sixty-fourth street, New York.

